
AMELIA RANNE AND
THE GREEN UMBRELLA

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Ameliar-anne and the green
umbrella



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AMELIARANNE AND THE GREEN UMBRELLA

Told by Constance Heward

and pictured by

Susan Beatrice Pearse



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Ameliar-anne *and the* Green Umbrella

Told in Words

By

Constance Heward

Told in Pictures

By

Susan Beatrice Pearse



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Her name was Ameliar-anne Stiggins. She was a pale child with black hair which she wore in curl rags from Friday night till Sunday morning.











Her mother was poor and took in washing;







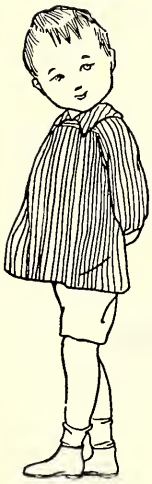




Because, besides Ameliar-anne, who was the eldest, there were some five other little Stigginses to feed.







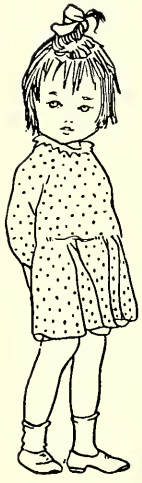


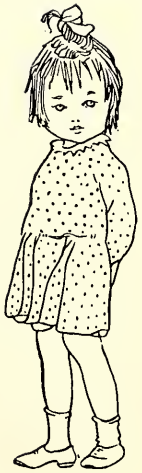


Now, it happened one day just before Christmas that the five little Stigginses had colds in their heads, so Mrs. Stiggins sat them in a ring in the kitchen with their feet in a tub of mustard and water.











After that she put them
into a big bed and gave
them hot gruel to drink,











While Ameliar-anne stood gloomily by and shook her head, which was covered with curl rags. The reason for the curl rags was that all the village children had been invited to a grand tea-party at the Squire's the next day; and Ameliar-anne was gloomy because it did not seem as if the five little Stigginses would be able to go.











Sure enough, the next day the colds were worse, and at three o'clock in the afternoon Ameliar-anne's hair was taken out of the rags, and she put on her Sunday dress and coat and hat, and started off to the tea-party with twenty-five ringlets bobbing about 'round her neck.











And the five little Stigginses sat up in the big bed and howled horribly with disappointment.











But Ameliar-anne had hardly gotten out of the front door before she was back again.











"I want the umbrella," she said, and she took it from the corner in the parlor where it lived. It was large and green, with a goose's head for a handle. "It's never going to rain, Ameliar-anne," said Mrs. Stiggins. "Whatever do you want to take the umbrella for I don't know." But Ameliar-anne tossed her head and said she wasn't so sure about the rain, and she started off again with the green umbrella clasped in one arm.











The Squire was a jolly old man with a round red face and a beard like Father Christmas.











But the Squire's sister, Miss Josephine, was a cross old maid, and she thought it was a stupid thing to give a tea-party to the village children. She was always there to see that they behaved themselves.











Now Miss Josephine's eagle-eye was upon Ameliar-anne as she took her seat at the great long table with the other children and—"AMELIA ANNE STIGGINS," she said, "what are you doing with that great umbrella in here? You ought to have left it in the hall with your coat and hat."











"Oh, nothing, please, mum," stammered Ameliar-anne, trying to hide the umbrella under the table; and Miss Josephine stared very hard at her and then went on to find fault with somebody else.











What a tea that was! There were cakes with pink icing and cherries on the top, and jam tarts that melted in one's mouth, and biscuit with creamy insides, and scones and buns!











Ameliar-anne seemed to be terribly hungry, for her plate was nearly always empty, but though she did not reach out and help herself, she was never allowed to wait long, because there were a great many smiling maids to pass the cakes and fill up the tea-cups.











When tea was over, the children went back to the hall and put on their hats and coats.







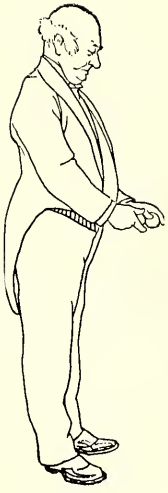


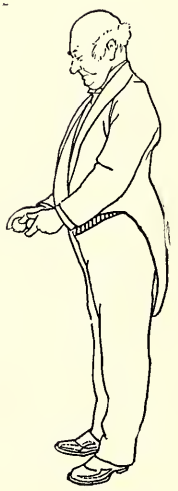


As they went out, a smart footman at the door gave each child an orange, an apple, and a bag of sweets. Ameliar-anne took her orange and apple and bag of sweets and said, "Thank you, sir."











Ameliar-anne was almost the last to go, because she had taken the wrong hat and had to go back into the house.











She was just ready to go through the door again, when suddenly Miss Josephine stepped forward, "AMELIA ANNE STIGGINS," she said, "I will put up your umbrella for you," and she took it firmly out of Ameliar-anne's hand.











"Oh, mum!" cried Amel-
iar-anne, and clutched
Miss Josephine's arm.











But Miss Josephine shook her off and held up the umbrella and *shot* it open, and out upon the floor, in the bright light that came from the hall lamp, fell jam tarts and iced cakes and biscuits and scones. "Greedy child!" said Miss Josephine.











And Ameliar-anne cov-
ered her face with her
hands and wept.











But the Squire looked down at the feast on the floor and patted Amel-iar-anne kindly on the shoulder. "Come, come!" he said, "It was *your own tea* you put into the um-brella. I know, because I watched you and you never ate anything at all."











"Oh, sir," cried Ameliar-anne, uncovering her face, "I'm glad you saw, 'cos I didn't take a bit more'n what I could easy have ate; and the five of them's got colds in their heads, and when I left them they were all howlin' somethink awful, and I couldn't bear to go home and tell them everything and them not have a bite, as you might say."











"Well, well," said the Squire, "I thought there was somebody missing and, of course, there'll be five teas left over, and I think we could find a sixth, as this one is spoilt. John"—to the smart footman—"a basket, please, with cakes for six people," and John went like a shot, while Miss Josephine dropped the umbrella and walked slowly past Ameliar-anne and the Squire with her nose in the air and a look of horrified disgust on her face.











In two minutes John was back again with a huge basket covered with a white cloth and—











Fifteen minutes later Ameliaranne staggered into the Stigginses' house and upstairs to the bedroom, with the huge basket on one arm and the green umbrella clutched in the other.











And the five little Stigginses sat up in bed with their eyes nearly starting out of their heads, and Mrs. Stiggins sat bump upon a chair, because she said it gave her quite a turn, when Ameliar-anne took the cover off the basket.











For inside that basket were cakes enough for six and Mrs. Stiggins as well; and oranges and apples and bags of sweets; and, when everybody had finished, Ameliar-anne was sure that she must have eaten quite *twice as much* as she had meant to bring home in the green umbrella.







